

AN
AVON
COMIC

COW

10¢

NO.1

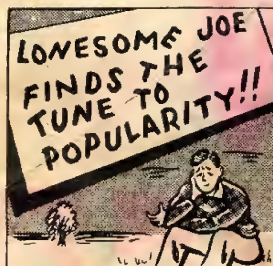
PUNCHER

COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



**LEARN TO PLAY BOTH
IN JUST 15 MINUTES
TRIPLE BARGAIN !!**

**YOUR "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE -
CLARI-FLUTE AND MUSIC -**

**ALL
FOR \$1.98**



"HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE

"CLARI-FLUTE"

What a sensation! Imagine being able to play not just one instrument, but two, in as little as 15 minutes! Even if you have never played an instrument before, never read a note in your life, you can quickly learn to play hot "jive" music or classical almost as fast as you can read the easy, simplified instruction course, absolutely free with your "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE and CLARI-FLUTE.

AS SIMPLE AS READING CREATING A SENSATION EVERYWHERE

In practically no time at all you should be able to master any of thousands of songs, including patriotic, popular or classical pieces . . . no long hours of studying, no tedious lessons. These beautiful, all-plastic, full octave chromatic instruments produce professional-like tones by simply blowing in them and following the simple fingering instructions. They help you to entertain your friends, will provide wonderful companions during your spare time. You'd expect to pay \$2.00 for each of these instruments . . . now, for a limited time only, they can both be yours for only \$1.98, plus the free simplified instruction course and song book. Don't delay, order now while they are still available!

FREE

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

CASPER GARBER, Studio 4

72 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

☐ Rush immediately both the "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE and the CLARI-FLUTE plus Free Instruction and Song Book. On arrival I will deposit with postman only \$1.98 plus postage. If I am not 100% satisfied after 5 days trial, I will return for refund.
☐ I am enclosing \$1.98 in full payment, same guarantee.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

Note: Canadian and foreign orders \$2.25 in advance.

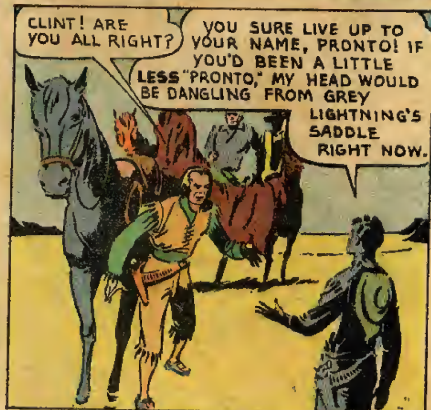
**CASPER GARBER, Studio 4
72 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.**

THE TEXAS RANGER

ALL THE WORLD HATES A TRAITOR!---AND CLINT CORTLAND, TEXAS RANGER, WAS NO EXCEPTION! INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH, INTO THE HEART OF COMANCHELAND, WENT CLINT CORTLAND, ON THE TRAIL OF THE SNAKE KNOWN AS.....

THE WHITE COMANCHE





I LEARNED FROM FRIEND IN GREY LIGHTNING TRIBE THAT THEY GET NEW GUNS. I LEARN FROM BOSS YOU INVESTIGATE GREY LIGHTNING COUNTRY!-IT ADD UP TO CLINT'S HEAD...WHETHER IT STAY ON OR COME OFF!

THANK THE LORD YOU'RE GOOD IN MATH, PRONTO!...I LIKE YOUR KIND OF ADDITION!



THANK PRONTO FOR US GETTIN' HERE IN TIME, CLINT! PRONTO'S GOT A BIG EAR WHEN IT COMES TO HEARIN' OF GUN-RUNNIN'!

I ALREADY THANKED PRONTO, BOSS! IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.



TUSH! 'TWARNT' NOTHIN'! NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE...DID YOU FIND OUT WHO'S BACK O'THIS GUN-RUNNIN'?

NOTHING MORE'N IT'S A WHITE MAN WHOSE MAKING BLOOD MONEY...



GETTING GUNS ISN'T DOING THE INDIANS ANY GOOD...BECAUSE THEY CAN'T STOP THE WHITES FROM MOVING WEST WITH JUST A COUPLE OF RIFLES. THEY AREN'T DOING THE WHITES ANY GOOD, BECAUSE A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE GETTING KILLED FOR NO GOOD REASON.

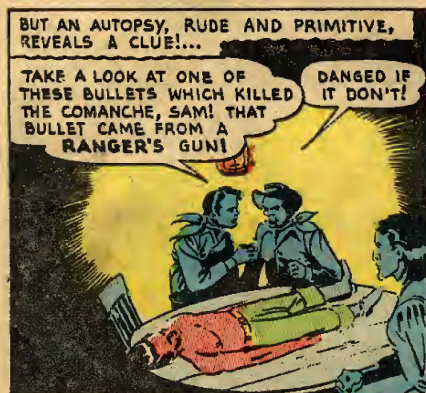


THIS SKUNK KNOWS EVERY MOVE THE RANGERS'RE MAKING...HE'S LEARNIN' THINGS FROM INSIDE!

SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE! WONDER WHO COULD BE DEVIL ENOUGH TO DO IT?







THAT EVENING, MANY MILES AWAY..

THEY WERE BOUND TO FIND OUT! NOW GREY LIGHTNING'S GOT TO HELP ME..LIKE I HELPED HIM!



THIS TORCH IS OUR SIGNAL. GREY LIGHTNING'S BRAVES WILL RESPECT IT AND LET ME PASS INTO THE CAMP!



IT'S YOUR FRIEND...MEAGHER! I COME TO SPEAK WITH GREY LIGHTNING.



WELL, WHITE HOUND, WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME? YOU KNOW WHEN GUNS COME? NOT EXACTLY, GREY LIGHTNING. NOT NOW. ER-THE RANGERS KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.



AT THE SAME TIME, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

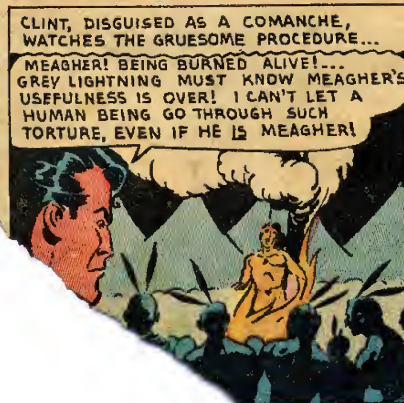
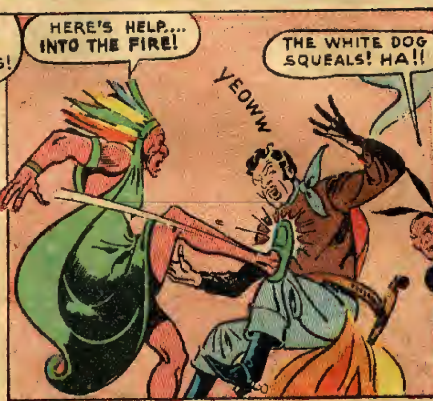
SILENTLY, CLINT! WE'RE IN GREY LIGHTNING'S COUNTRY. TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHING QUICKLY..IN A SECOND I'LL MAKE A COMANCHE OUT OF YOU!...

HMM...I DON'T LIKE BEING A COMANCHE EVEN FOR A SECOND!

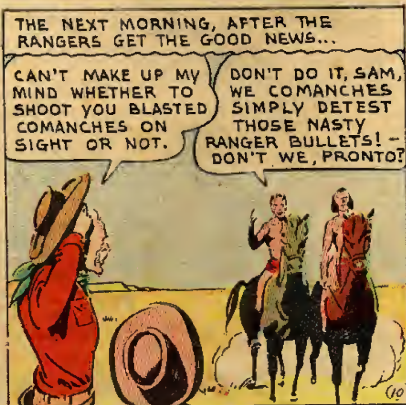
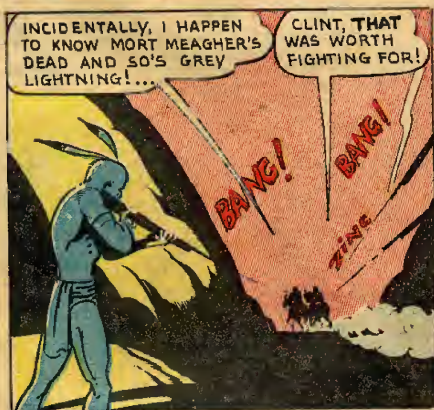


NOT ALL COMANCHE LIKE GREY LIGHTNING, CLINT! SOME ALL INDIANS WILL BE









KNIGHT OF THE NORTH

BOB
JANNSEN



SERGEANT KEN KNIGHT OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE CAME SINGLEHANDED INTO A LAND OF FEROCIOUS SAVAGERY...THE EASTERN ARCTIC REGIONS OF CANADA. HE WENT NOT AS AN EXPLORER BUT AS A POLICEMAN CARRYING OUT THE BRAVE TRADITIONS AT THE "SCARLET FORCE" FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDEST, MOST DESOLATE AREA IN THE WORLD, KNIGHT OF THE NORTH MEANT TO FIND "THE ARCTIC ASSASSIN!!!"

ONE MORNING, AS AN ARCTIC STORM RAGES OVER NORTHERN BAFFIN ISLAND...

MR. JOHNSON...THESE HUNTER SAY STORM WORSE WHERE YOU WANT GO. THINK WE GO BACK!

"WELL, WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK... AN IDIOT CAN SEE THAT! BETTER THAN PEGGING OUT ON THE WAY... GOT TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR, TOO MANY PEOPLE TO PAY BACK FOR THE RAW DEAL THEY HANDED ME!"



WHAT IF I CAN'T GET UP THERE TO TRADE? DON'T THESE ROTTEN ESKIMOS OWE ME ENOUGH FOR THE GIFTS I GAVE THEM YEARS AGO? WELL, THIS YEAR THEY'RE PAYING IF IT'S THE LAST THING THEY DO!



WE GO TO CAPE CRAWFORD, MASTER! BUT WHY? WE HAVE NO GOODS TO TRADE AND ESKIMO THERE WON'T GIVE YOU FURS FOR NOTHING!

FOR NOTHING, STUPID DOGS? DON'T THEY OWE ME MONEY? WASN'T I FOOL ENOUGH TO LEND THEM SUPPLIES WHEN THEY HAD NO SKINS? NO ESKIMO! GONNA PUT ANYTHING OVER ON A WHITE MAN!...



SEAL HAS BEEN SCARCE THIS SEASON MASTER..YOU WILL NOT BE WELCOME!

I'LL BE LESS WELCOME YET, IF I DON'T GET MY SKINS! THEY CAN WAIT TILL NEXT SUMMER FOR THEIR SUPPLIES!

WEEKS PASSED AS THE TRADER'S SLED PASSED ON TO THE NORTHMOST TIP OF BAFFIN ISLAND...

...TO THE NINE IGLOOS WHICH MADE UP THE ESKIMO VILLAGE AT CAPE CRAWFORD

HAH! I CAN JUST SEE THEIR CHEERFUL FACES WHEN I WAVE MY RIFLE UNDER THEIR NOSES AND ASK THEM TO PAY UP!



SHORTLY AFTER... NO GOT SKINS!

LIAR! YOU'RE ALL A PACK OF LIARS! NO GOT SKINS! NO GOT SKINS! I'LL TEACH YOU TO LIE...



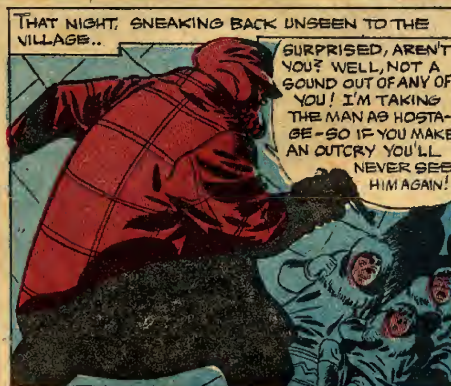
IF I DON'T GET YOUR FURS, NOBODY'LL GET THEM. UNDERSTAND?! I'LL SHOOT YOUR DOGS AND THEN I'LL SHOOT THE WHOLE PACK OF YOU...!

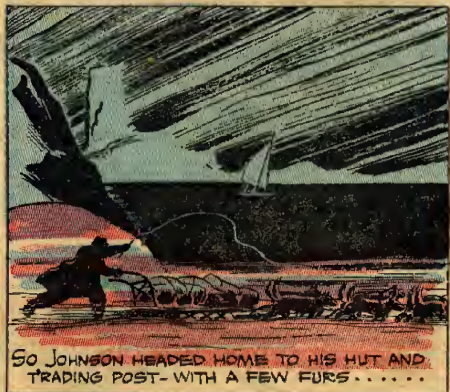
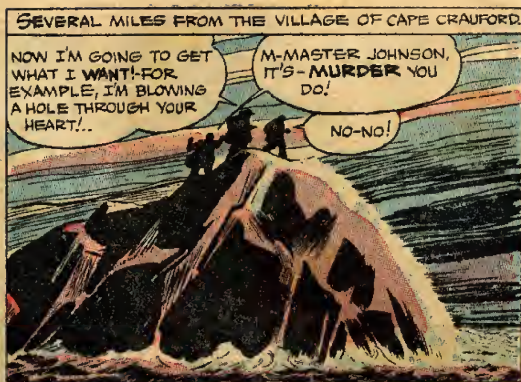


HE STILL SICK IN HEAD LIKE OTHER YEARS, UKITO! HE KILL US ONE DAY!

IT IS TRUTH...MR. JOHNSON HAS EVIL TEMPER!







SIX MONTHS LATER...AN ESKIMO FROM CAPE CRAFT FORD VISITS MOUNTY HEADQUARTERS....



HELLO, KNIGHT. I ASKED YOU IN BECAUSE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE BAFFIN ISLAND GEOGRAPHY. I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO NUKUHLAHL'S STORY...

OF COURSE, SIR...

NUKUHLAHL TELLS HOW HE FOUND TWO BODIES DESTROYED BY JOHNSON, THE TRADER— AND HOW HIS VILLAGE WANTS PUNISHMENT FOR THE KILLER....

... JOHNSON MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! JUSTICE EXISTS FOR BOTH ESKIMO AND WHITE MAN ALIKE, NO MATTER HOW WILD THE COUNTRY IN WHICH HE LIVES!



I'LL GET HIM, SIR!... MAY I USE NUKUHLAHL AS MY GUIDE?

A MONTH LATER, THE EXPEDITION ENCOUNTERS THE BRUTAL OPPOSITION OF NATURE....

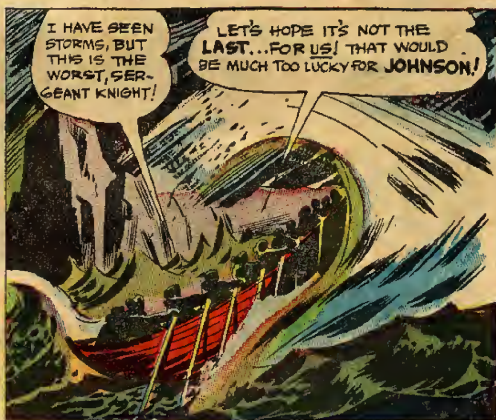
IT'S BEST TO TURN BACK, SIR! THE WAY TO JOHNSON'S POST SEEMS CLOSED BY ICE, AND THE STORM IS TOO STRONG!



AND WAIT A YEAR TILL WE REACH JOHNSON? NO, NUKUHLAHL! WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES GETTING THERE!

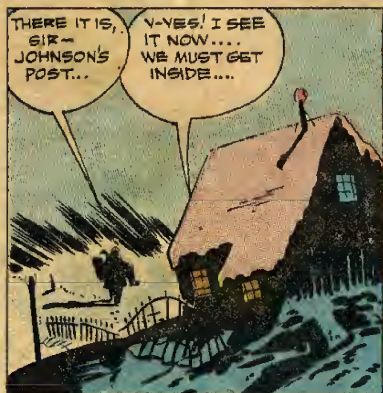
FINALLY, THE ICE BLOCKS THE WAY...!

WE'RE USING THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO JOHNSON'S. YOU WAIT HERE FOR US!...



I HAVE SEEN STORMS, BUT THIS IS THE WORST, SER-GEANT KNIGHT!

LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT THE LAST...FOR US! THAT WOULD BE MUCH TOO LUCKY FOR JOHNSON!





ALABAM



BROKEN CREEK WAS A CEMETERY FOR SHERIFFS! THERE WAS SOMETHING DEADLY FOR THE LAW IN ITS ATMOSPHERE UNTIL ALABAM SAUNTERED INTO TOWN, EACH PALM RESTING ON A GUNBUTT! BUT WHO KNOWS HOW ALABAM'S BATTLE WOULD'VE TURNED OUT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A CERTAIN

SPLIT-SECOND STAND IN!





BLUFFING, AM I? AM I?
DOES THIS FEEL LIKE
A BLUFF?



HE WAS OLD ENOUGH
TO DIE, ANYWAY. TAKE
HIM OUT AND BURY
HIM!

YOU
BET,
MIKE!



MRS. HYLER... SHERIFF HYLER
WENT INSIDE THE PARADISE
AND ALL WE HEARD WERE
GUNSHOTS!

GOD'S MERCY... IF
SOMETHING HAPPENED
TO JOHN...



YEAH, IT'S THE
SHERIFF, MRS.
HYLER. HE GOT
IN THE WAY OF
LEAD... ACCIDENTAL-
LIKE!

MIKE MANTEE
DIDN'T MEAN
TA DO IT... HIS
TRIGGER KINDA
SLIPPED!



HEY! WHAT YA DOIN'
WITH THAT GUN?
LEAVE IT ALONE...



WHERE'S
M-MANTEE?



MIKE! THE OLD
LADY'S COMIN'
AFTER YOU!



WHEN
IN BROKEN
CREEK CEMETERY



MY D-POOR SWEET
T-JOHN...S-SOBS! ALABAM
WILL COME...H-HE'LL
REVENGE YOU...S-SOBS!

IN MEMORY OF
SHERIFF JOHN MANTEE
JAN. 12, 1740-JULY 12, 1912

A WEEK LATER...IN THE
HEART OF THE TEXAS
COUNTRY...

UNCLE JOHN DEAD?
--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--
WHO'D WANT TO KILL
SO SWEET AND GOOD
A MAN?

AND AT SUNSET...

HEY, ALABAM!
WHAT'S EATIN'
YAR, YAIN'T SAID
A WORD ALL
DAY! YER GAL
MARRY A YANKEE
ER SOMETHIN'?

UH-UH,
TEX!
MUCH
WORSE!

SOMEBODY KILLED MY
UNCLE JOHN, THE SHERIFF,
AND I'M TAKIN' HIS PLACE!
THIS GOODBYE TEX--
ISN'T THAT SOMETHING TO
BE SAD ABOUT?

GOSH

ALABAM, YOU
GONNA BE A
DAH-GONE
SHERIFF?

SO THE
NEXT DAY,
ALABAM LEFT
THE PLAINS
OF MIGHTY
TEXAS...
AND WENT TO
BROKEN
CREEK TO
BECOME ITS
NEW SHERIFF

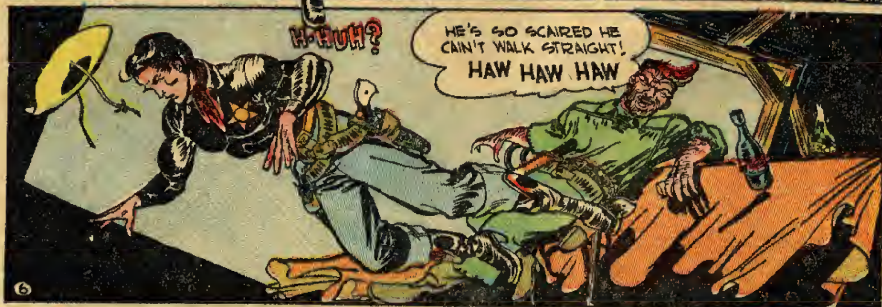
A GRAND MAN
WORE THAT
STAR, ALABAM...

I'M NOT FORGETTING
IT, AUNT HILDA.
THE ONLY STARS
I'M USED TO,
TWINKLE IN THE
SKY...BUT THIS
ONE MEANS A
LOT MORE...

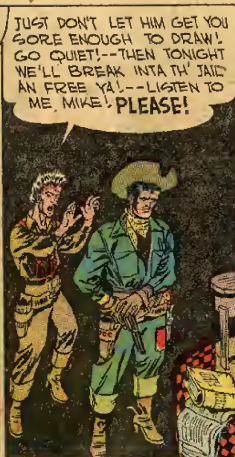
REMEMBER ONE
NAME--MIKE
MANTEE! REPEAT
ONE SENTENCE--
MIKE MANTEE
KILLED MY
UNCLE!

I PROMISE
YOU--MY
FIRST ACT
AS SHERIFF
OF BROKEN
CREEK WILL
BE TO BRING
MANTEE TO
JUSTICE!











P AND THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
**COW-PUNCHER
COMICS**

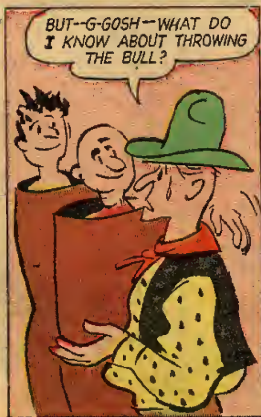
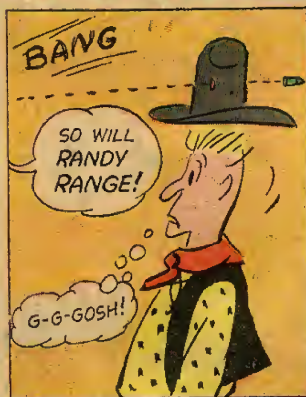
FOR A THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN
ALABAMA'S
CAREER AS
SHERIFF OF
BROKEN CREEK!

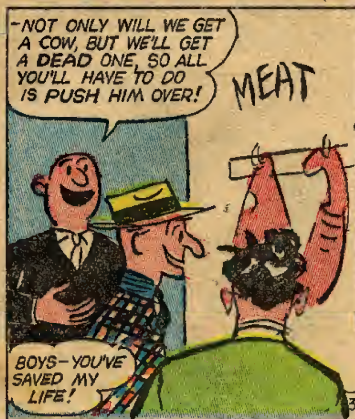
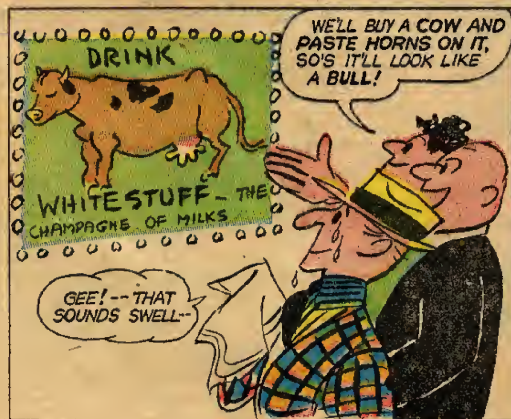
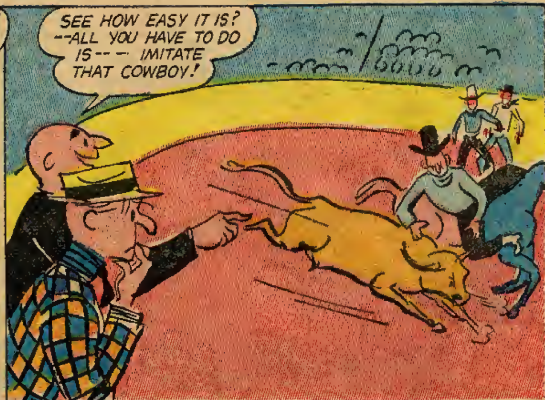
DEAD-EYE DUDE

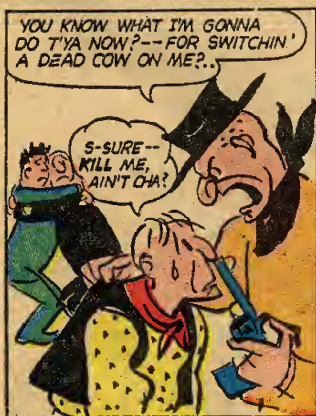
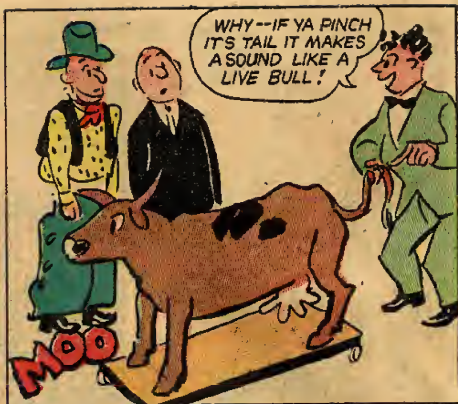
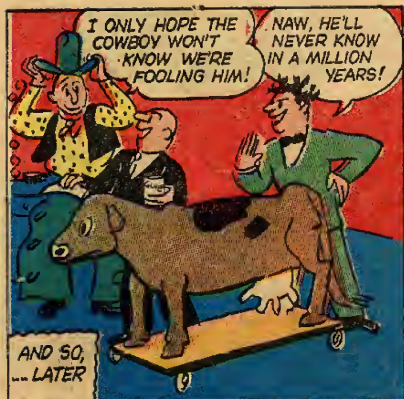


SANDY RANGE, THE NIGHT CLUB COMEDIAN, EMBARKS UPON A CAREER THAT IS NOT VERY NEW FOR HIM —
"THROWING THE BULL!"











The wedding was over and the jubilant, giggling crowd escorted the bride and groom to their honeymoon hut. All in all, it had been a memorable occasion. Few Reserve Indians possessed the sweet, statuesque beauty of Falling Leaf, the young bride, or the goody physique and handsome face of Mountain Bird, her happy husband. No couple was more soundly loved. Few young people had been more sought after as mates than these two. Mixed with the smiling faces of the celebrants were a score of sad, weak-grinning visages of those who had hoped, and lost. Falling Leaf could have had her choice of a hundred men. Any girl would have been thrilled to be Mountain Bird's squaw. But matters did not work out that way. The moment Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird had seen each other, they knew they had been born to meet and to love and to live together to the end of their lives. And now they were married and being convoyed to their home by the wedding guests.

On the threshold of their rude hut, Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird graciously accepted the wedding gifts offered them with fervent good wishes. Knives, lamps, pots, clothing, sewing supplies, a rifle, a chair . . . gifts both small and large, cheap and costly, were proffered and gratefully received. Last in the line was Sergeant

Ken Knight of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. He had known Mountain Bird for years. Many a time had they hunted together and spoken far into the night over the cheery camp fire about the astonishing beauty of one, Falling Leaf, the most lovely girl on the Reservation.

"Do you see this crippled left ear, Falling Leaf?" Ken said to the laughing girl. Ken indicated an organ reddened with the cold. "This ear," continued Ken, "is twisted with the hot utterances of love Mountain Bird has poured into it about a certain gorgeous girl named Falling Leaf! You may rest assured he didn't marry you for your money!"

"Marry ME?" laughed Falling Leaf. "Why, I thought all the time I was marrying HIM!"

"Well, Mountain Bird, here's something I'd like you to have because you married EACH OTHER," rejoined Ken, growing serious. From his pocket he took out a pipe exquisitely worked in sterling silver. Seeing it, Mountain Bird blushed with pleasure. This was quite different from the practicality of the other wedding gifts. The pipe was an exact copy of Ken's own favorite, and Mountain Bird's eyes were moist as he shook hands with Ken.

There was a last hurrah and a last loud good-night from the crowd and

then the wedding couple were left to themselves.

However, no sooner was the area deserted, than a tall shadow sprang from the darkness of the forest fringing the clearing before Mountain Bird's hut. It slinked carefully to the front door and then rapped sharply, twice. Mountain Bird opened the door curiously. Falling Leaf was just behind him, peering puzzledly over her husband's shoulder.

"Long Pipe Stick!" she said. "Why do you see us so late? . . . After the others have gone?" Long Pipe Stick, a tall, ugly Indian, had been one of her most persistent admirers. When he heard that Mountain Bird would be the man of her choice, he had fallen into a rage and would have struck her had Falling Leaf's father not driven him off at the point of a gun. Now he stood in the entrance of her honeymoon home with a sly smile, holding forth a two gallon can of kerosene.

"I, too, have a gift for you," replied Long Pipe Stick. "May I place it inside? It is quite heavy."

Mountain Bird smiled and held open the door. "Of course!" he said.

But as Mountain Bird turned his back to shut the door, Long Pipe Stick whirled, something in his hand gleaming like silver. It was a knife. Mountain Bird never saw the weapon . . . he felt it. Deep into his back it went. Again and again, the slim blade cut into Mountain Bird's life, destroying it with every drop of the ruby blood that ran from his wounds. Mountain Bird took a few steps backwards, the blood in his mouth choking off any cry for help, and then he collapsed in a pool of the crimson liquid running from his body.

"NO! NO!" shrieked Falling Leaf, stumbling away from the bloody knife. Laughing silently, the murderer stumbled after her and seized her. The knife rose and fell mercilessly as he shrieked, "If I can't have you, nobody can!"

Twenty minutes later, Mountain Bird's hut was a blazing furnace. An

hour later, a wailing crowd of Reservation Indians stood helplessly by, watching the house burn clear down to the sod. Sergeant Ken Knight stood with them, his jaw set vise-like, and the tears running down his cheeks. The pity of it! — That accident should so cremate not only their bodies, but their hopes and the hopes of those who had loved the young people! Nobody left the scene until smoke rose from the ruins. Then, in the cold, miserable dawn, Knight and the doctor from the Post began to poke among the ashes and hot metals. The crowd was kept at a distance by Corporal Mellony, who rode down from the nearest detachment to assist Knight.

The first thing Ken noticed was the twisted, scorched can of kerosene, lying where the door used to be. "That's why the thing went so completely," he commented. The doctor nodded assent. But he was busy with other matters. He was bending over two charred, unrecognizable forms. He poked about for a couple of seconds and then emitted a low, excited whistle. "Come here, Knight!" he muttered. Knight crouched beside him as the doctor pointed to a few things.

"They were stabbed about a dozen times before the fire consumed them," whispered the doctor. Ken didn't answer. He saw something else in the burnt, crisp fist of the dead man. From between the bones he took a blackened object. "And I know who killed them, doctor!"

An hour later, Long Pipe Stick was under arrest, his thick wrists encased in handcuffs. His sullen mouth spoke no word, but his eyes did all the necessary talking.

They were glittering coldly at a pipe Knight had taken from the dead fingers of Mountain Bird. It was the same pipe Knight had given his dead friend for a wedding present . . . a pipe with a LONG STEM. It was Mountain Bird's last message to Knight, indicating the murderer . . . a LONG PIPE STICK!

KIT WEST

FOR ONCE IN HER PRETTY YOUNG LIFE, ACE BACKWOODS-WOMAN KIT WEST GOT TOO COURAGEOUS! --HOW SHE BRAVED DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE WYANDOTTES' CRUELEST CHIEFTAIN, IS THE TALE OF "SPITTING SNAKE'S REVENGE"!!

THE WYANDOTTES, THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBE IN THE MID-WEST, HOLD AN IMPORTANT POW-WOW--

WHERE A WHITE MAN SHOWS HIS FACE, THERE HE MUST BE MET BY THE TOMAHAWKS OF THE WYANDOTTES! SHALL WE STAND ASIDE MEEKLY WHILE THE WHITES ROB US OF EVERYTHING?!

THIS IS A WAR TO THE DEATH BETWEEN US AND THE WHITE MAN! WE MUST NOT LOSE THIS WAR! OUR LANDS MUST RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE INVADER!!



THE FIRES OF THE UNDER WORLD---!
WITH THAT DEVIL, SPITTING SNAKE,
STIRRING UP SOME NEW MISCHIEF! I'D
BETTER GET CLOSER AND HEAR WHAT
HE'S UP TO !!



AT THE SAME TIME, APPROACHING THE VILLAGE---



A WHITE
GIRL!!!
HOLD YOUR
FEET!

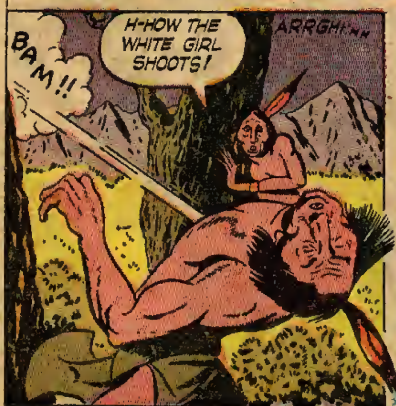
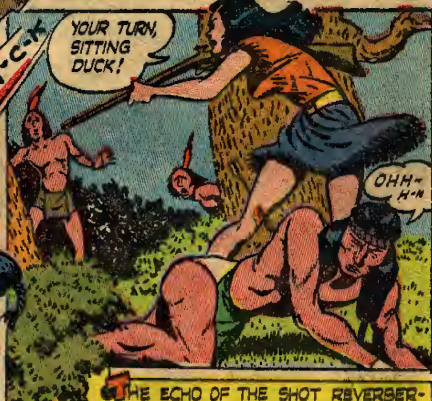


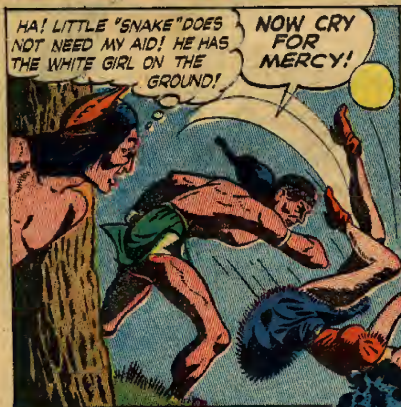
MY FATHER, SPITTING
SNAKE, WILL LIKE THIS
WHITE SPY EVEN MORE
THAN A DEER! I'LL
BRING THE FOOL IN
ALIVE!



FIRST, TO LAME
THOSE PRETTY
WHITE LIMBS!









JUST A FEW INCHES OF FEATHERED WOOD--BUT MEANING ALL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND---**DEATH!**

SHORTLY AFTER-- THE ESCAPED BRAVE COMES UPON THE MYSTIFIED SEARCHING PARTY---

O SPITTING SNAKE--YOUR SON IS DEAD! A WHITE GIRL HAS KILLED HIM! I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES!--

WE WILL AVENGE YOU, OH CHIEF!

LITTLE SNAKE DROVE AN ARROW INTO HER LEG-- THE GIRL CANNOT RUN FAR--NOR FAST!

NONE BUT I SHALL TRAIL HER! NONE BUT I SHALL HAVE HER BLOOD! I WANT NO AID! THIS IS SPITTING SNAKE'S REVENGE!







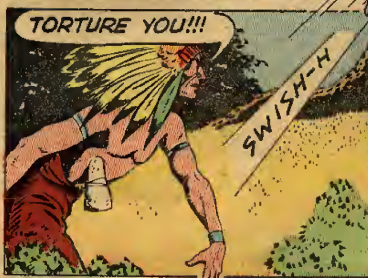
SHORTLY AFTER--HAVING TIED KIT TO A TREE WITH LONG VINES--

MY SON'S TOMAHAWK--RED WITH HIS OWN BLOOD! I SWEAR TO THE GODS THAT **HERS** WILL MINGLE WITH **LITTLE SNAKE'S**!!



WAKE UP, WHITE WITCH! FEAR NOT! YOU WILL SOON SLEEP--**FOREVER!** WHEN SPITTING SNAKE HAS HAD HIS **REVENGE!**

OH-H-H! W-WHAT ARE YOU G-GOING TO DO!



TORTURE YOU!!!

SWISH-H



AND AMUSE MYSELF!!

WHEW! HE CAN MAKE THAT TOMAHAWK DO ANYTHING BUT SPLIT HIS **OWN SKULL!** HOW WILL I GET OUT OF THIS MESS?



HOLD ON! I DO SEE A WAY OUT!

WHO DARES ME? WHO SAYS I CANNOT?

CALL THAT SKILL, SPITTING SNAKE? A SQUAW CAN THROW FROM THAT DISTANCE! YOU CANNOT REPEAT THAT THROW FROM FIVE FEET BEHIND YOU!

FIVE FEET?--I WILL MOVE BACK TEN FEET--AND CLEAVE YOUR HEAD IN TWO!

IF ONLY HE DOESN'T SEE THAT COPPERHEAD BEHIND HIM!...



BUT **DEATH** BITES INTO SPITTING SNAKE'S LEG!!

AI-EEE

AI-EEE! TRICKED!
I-TRICKED BY THE
WHITE WITCH!

OH, LADY
LUCK, LET THAT
POISON WORK
FAST!--HE CAN
STILL TAKE
ME WITH
HIM!!

YOU HAVE
KILLED ME,
YES--B-BUT
I DO NOT DIE
ALONE!

I-I K-KNEW
IT!!

BUT AS SPITTING SNAKE LEAPS
MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE HIM GO
WITHOUT MY COMPANY!

CRACK

THEN--
FREEDOM AND
ESCAPE!!

NOW--NOT ONLY
I, BUT A THOUSAND
WOODSPEOPLE,
WILL KEEP THEIR
SCALPS WHERE
THEY BELONG,
THANKS TO SOME
COPPER-COLORED
OVER-
CONFIDENCE!

AND SO-- SPITTING SNAKE GOT
HIS REVENGE!!

The fighting

JACK
ROSS.

PARSON



JOHN WATKINS CAME TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER TO PREACH A GREAT MESSAGE, BUT THE REPLY TO THAT MESSAGE WAS TOO FREQUENTLY ENCLOSED IN STEEL JACKETS FULL OF DEADLY LEAD! AND SO *John Watkins* BECAME THE **FIGHTING PARSON**, THE STRANGEST FIGURE IN THE WEST! AND HIS BLAZING SIX-SHOOTERS PUMPED TERROR INTO THE MOST EVIL HEARTS...EVEN THE HEARTLESS BODIES OF THE... "**POISONED PIPERS!!**"



ONE MORNING IN
THE TOWN OF
SQUAW-RIDGE -

ANYTHING TO
SAY BEFORE WE
HANG YOU, CLAUDE
PIPER?

FEELING PRETTY
GOOD, AIN'TCHA,
SHERIFF?..LET'S
SEE HOW YOU FEEL
WHEN MY BROTHERS
GET HOLD OF YOU!

THE PIPER BROTHERS ARE GETTIN'
NOTHIN' BUT HANGIN'! AS SHERIFF
OF SQUAW RIDGE I'M TAKIN' AN OATH...
I AIN'T RESTIN' TILL THE WHOLE PACK
OF YOU THIEVIN', MURDERIN' PIPERS
ARE DANGLIN' FROM
THIS GALLOWS!

WAIT AN'
SEE!



ALL OVER, FOLKS...HIS NECK'S
BROKE. PIPER'S DEAD!

GOD REST HIS
SOUL!



JOHN WATKINS, AM I
GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
YOUR PREACHING SCHEDULES
BROUGHT YOU TO SQUAW
RIDGE ON AN IMPORTANT
DAY!

SO I SEE. BUT
CLAUDE'S ONLY ONE
OUT OF FOUR, BILL.
YOU'D BETTER KEEP
AN EYE PEELED
FOR THE REST OF
THE PIPERS!



EYES WON'T HELP AGAINST
THE PIPERS, AS MUCH AS
GUNS, JOHN!..WE'LL SEE
YOU IN CHURCH
TOMORROW...

I'M GLAD YOU
SAID THAT, BILL -
A LITTLE TRUST
IN THE LORD WON'T
HURT, EITHER...

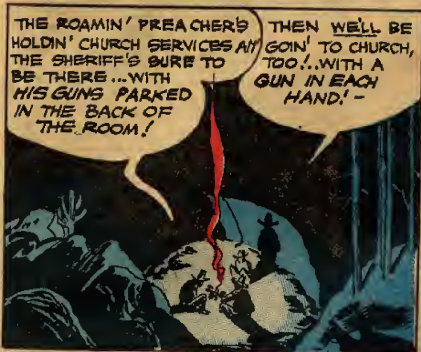




THAT NIGHT
ON THE
PRAIRIE...

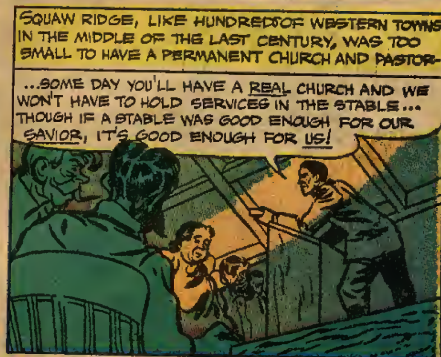
CAN'T WAIT TILL
MORNIN' - TWO DAYS IS
TOO LONG WAITIN' TO
REVENGE CLAUDE!

DON'T WORRY, THE
SHERIFF'LL BE GAIN-
ING WEIGHT TOMORROW
AND NOT FROM FOOD!
FROM LEAD!



THE ROAMIN' PREACHER'S
HOLDIN' CHURCH SERVICES ANY
THE SHERIFF'S SURE TO
BE THERE...WITH
HIS GUNS PARKED
IN THE BACK OF
THE ROOM!

THEN WE'LL BE
GOIN' TO CHURCH,
TOO!...WITH A
GUN IN EACH
HAND! -



SQUAW RIDGE, LIKE HUNDREDS OF WESTERN TOWNS
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, WAS TOO
SMALL TO HAVE A PERMANENT CHURCH AND PASTOR -

...SOME DAY YOU'LL HAVE A REAL CHURCH AND WE
WON'T HAVE TO HOLD SERVICES IN THE STABLE...
THOUGH IF A STABLE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR OUR
SAVIOUR, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!



AND IT'S
GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR US,
TOO!

REACH!!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF
THIS? DON'T YOU REALIZE
YOU'RE IN CHURCH!?

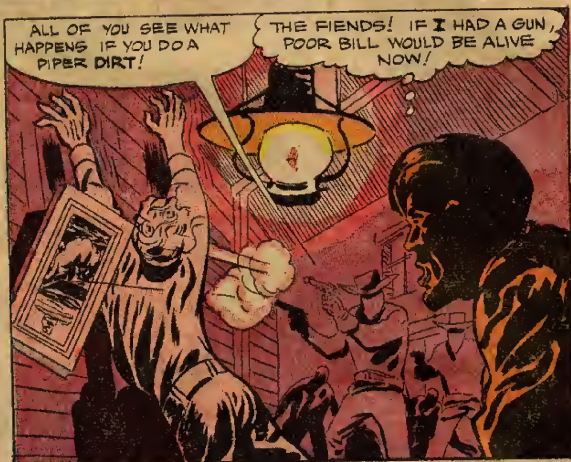
YOU BET WE DO! WELL,
SHERIFF, YOU DONE
ENOUGH PRAYIN'!...



I'M A FOOL - I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN THE PIPERS'D STOP
AT NOTHING!

BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE
THIS MAN... OWN!

I CAN'T,
MRS.





THE SAME DAY, THIRTY MILES OUT OF
SQUAW RIDGE...

HOLD IT, BOYS ...
WE'RE PASSING UP
SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN'!

WHAT
IS IT,
GIL?



GOLD!! THEY'RE DELI-
VERIN' SOME TO
EVERY BANK IN THIS
PART OF THE COUN-
TRY! WE CAN'T
TAKE THE COACH...
TOO MANY
GUARDS

BUT WE CAN TAKE
PLENTY OUTA THE BANK
AT SQUAW RIDGE!
REMEMBER, THERE
AIN'T NO SHERIFF
THERE NOW!

IT'LL
BE A
CINCH!



WE PROMISED
THEY'LL SEE MORE OF
US - WELL, WE'LL
KEEP OUR
PROMISE!



THE NEXT DAY, WHILE JOHN WATKINS PER-
FORMS A VERY FAMILIAR SERVICE...

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND
WIFE! YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.

BUT MARTHY, WHY BE
YOU CRYIN'? DON'TCHA
WANT TA
KISS ME?

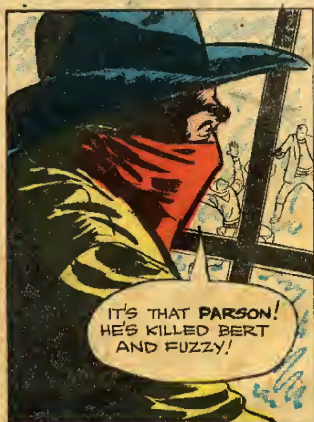


I'M CRYING 'CAUSE
I'M HAPPY, EPHRIAM...
H-HUH?

A REVOLVER SHOT...!
-FROM ACROSS
STREET!







IT'S THAT PARSON!
HE'S KILLED BERT
AND FUZZY!



I CAN'T SHOOT WHILE
THAT GIRL'S HIS SHIELD!
I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S OUT
OF AMMUNITION...

OUT OF MY
WAY!...OR SHE
GETS IT!



CURSE MY LUCK!
I CAN'T HIT HIM!

—THE LAST OF
HIS SHOTS! NOW I
CAN TAKE HIM WITH
MY HANDS....



THAT'S THE LAST HORSE
YOU'LL BE RIDING, PIPER!



A WEEK
LATER, A
NEW SHERIFF
DOES HIS
DUTY...

ANY LAST WORD
BEFORE YOU GO,
PIPER?!

YEAH! I WISH I MURDERED
THAT GUY...
PREACHER WHEN
I HAD THE
CHANCE!



GOD REST
HIS SOUL...

SPRING
THE TRAP!

BE A MOVIE PRODUCER! TECHNICOLOR COMICSCOPE

IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN THEATRE!

Oh boy! Just imagine being a big movie magnate and producing your own private shows; projecting your own pictures right on the screen in your own home. The COMICSCOPE will bring your dreams true... it's the wonder projector of the times. You can use photographs, comic strips, cartoons, original drawings, films, or small objects and flash them on the screen in technicolor.

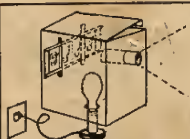
\$1.98
Complete
With Cord
And Sockets.
Plus Postage

The COMICSCOPE is a *real* projector! It flashes real pictures on any wall or screen. There is no fuss or bother to operate this new 3-WAY COMICSCOPE. The fine lens is adjustable to size and clearness. Everything is complete when you receive your 3-WAY COMICSCOPE too... including extension cord, plug and socket, pictures and screen... The COMICSCOPE operates on AC and DC current. The whole family will enjoy the COMICSCOPE. Just imagine sitting for an evening and seeing photographs from last summer's vacation flashed on the screen... or your own original drawings in a series of pictures compiling a real movie story... or comic strips almost living before your very eyes. The 3-WAY COMICSCOPE is new... it's *entertaining*... it's *fun*... and we guarantee that any child from 7 to 70 will enjoy using it.

NOW A 3-WAY UNIT

- PICTURE PROJECTOR
- FILM PROJECTOR
- MOVIE VIEWER

U.S. PAT. NO.
2,301,114



EASY TO USE

The COMICSCOPE comes complete together with extension cord, plug and socket. After inserting an electric bulb into the socket, it is ready for immediate use. FREE pictures and instructions included. Any child can use a COMICSCOPE.

PROJECTS and ENLARGES

- PHOTOGRAPHS • PICTURES
- COMIC STRIPS • CARTOONS
- SMALL OBJECTS • ORIGINAL
- LIFE PICTURES • DRAWINGS
- FILMS

5 DAYS

Examine and try the COMICSCOPE FREE for 5 days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied, then you may return it to us and we will refund your \$1.98 purchase price. PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101 72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

FREE

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101

72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.98 plus 11¢ handling and postage costs for my COMICSCOPE. It is understood that I may return it within five days if not satisfied and my money will be refunded.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges.
☐ Enclosed find \$2.09 in full payment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

FREE

with your
order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day



GUARANTEE
If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price



You get many specially posed pictorial instructions... a picture showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

Muscle Power Co.
366 E. 153rd St.
New York 55, N. Y.

Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted. Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

Muscle Power Co., Dept. 1501
366 East 153rd St., New York 55, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull & bar bell combination. Set \$4.95.
- ☐ Send Super strength set at \$7.95.

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)
(Scribbles Note: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. either C.O.D. or prepaid. Routine will not permit shipments to P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds.)

Name
Address
City and Zone State

Copy prepared by CASPER PINSKER, Advertising, 150 Nassau Street, New York